

THE IMMORTAL CITY.

Proud City on the edge of time,
Should immortality be thine?
Throughout the glorious Golden Age,
With Mankind free from vile outrage.
Until the Stars begin to fade,
Into the vast Black Hole cascade.

Then Stars and Planets, in deathly hush,
Join in the mighty matter inrush.
For few Heavenly bodies refuse to yield,
To the gravity pull of that hideous field.
All matter will fall into a bottomless well,
The eternal nightmare of everlasting Hell.

The dreaded, legendary, deep Black Hole,
Engulfs all life, without compassion or soul.
And Man and Universe all disappear,
Into that bottomless point of fear.
Until at last, the Universe, in decline,
Blinks out of existence at the end of Time.

But long before the end is due,
The Universe will be subjected to
The awful gravitational field,
Against which all known matter will yield.
The warning will come to one and all,
When the Golden City begins to fall.

Then Man must take to the vast Star Fleet,
At the end of the Golden Age, complete,
And ready to transport all who survive,
Across the vast gulf of space, to arrive
At the furthest Galaxy from the Universal core,
Discovered many millions of years before.

And again the Immortal City will rise,
And Man will dwell beneath blue skies.
Then Man will build and Man will sow,
And the glorious Golden City will grow.
Until at last Man will restore,
The Golden Age of Life, once more.